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THE *Pam 58*
OXONIAN.
A
POEM.

In IMITATION of the SPLENDID SHILLING.

PER VARIOS CASUS.

VIRGO.

By the AUTHOR of the SCHOOL-BOY.

OXFORD:

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O X O N I A M

P O E M

IMITATION OF SPENDING SHILLING.

Price

THE FINEST CLASS



OF THE SCHOOL BOY

P R E F A C E.

THE following Poem was written some time after the publication of the *School-Boy*, and intended as another imitation of *The Splendid Shilling*. The Author thought it would be disrespectful to some names, eminent in the University, who have favoured him with their Subscription to an intended Edition of his Works collectively, to have placed this production in that Volume, and has therefore sent it singly into the world; hoping that the innocent raillery contained in it will not be misconstrued into a contempt of the Laws of Virtue, or that Discipline so necessary in an University.

He likewise takes this opportunity of informing his Subscribers, that the work has been unavoidably delayed, but will be ready for publication in the course of this summer.

P R E F A C E

THE following Poem was written some time after
the publication of the Greek Lexicon and intended
as another illustration of the *Epigrammatic*. The
Author thought it would be difficult to find names
eminent in the University who have favoured him with
their subscription to an intended Edition of the *Works*
collectively, to have placed this preface in that
Volume, and has therefore put it singly into the words
hoping that the innocent railway contained in it will not
be misinterpreted as a statement of the *Law* of the
or that Discipline is necessary in an University.
The Author is not a student of the University, but
subscribes that the work has been completed, and
hoped that will be ready for publication in the year of
the present.

T H E
O X O N I A N.

PARENT of Light and Song, whatever name,
Phæbus, or *Mithras*, more delight thine ear ;
 The Muse, with rapture, hails thy rising beams,
 Burst from her drear confinement, where the hand
 Of vaunting tyranny repress'd her rage,
 And damp'd her flagging wing, now borne aloft
 To milder regions, and more genial soils.

No more the *Pædagogus*, with brandish'd rod,
 Annoys my fides, nor stuns with deathful sounds
 My startled ears ; for now, with transport heard,

The

The joyful mandate summons me away,
 To where famed *Iſis* rolls her laureate wave ;
 On whose gay banks an antient city ſtands,
 Crown'd with an hundred ſpires, and ſwelling domes
 Modern, or *Gothic*, ſtately to the view :
 Hither, 'tis ſaid, from *Athens*' widow'd bow'rs
 By *Persian* pride and civil rage expell'd,
 Dame Wiſdom fled of yore, and with her came,
 Leaving the fabled haunts of *Caſtaly*,
 Nine beauteous Maids, who boaſt their birth from *Jove* :
 High on theſe pinnacles enthron'd they reign,
 * *To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen,*
 Except by ſoaring fancy's keener glance.
 Around their ſhrines, from *Britain*'s fartheſt bound,
 Array'd in fables, croud a motley race ;
 Diſtinct with various titles, and degrees
 As various—high above the reſt appear

* Milton's *Paradiſe Loſt*.

Two forms, of more majestic port and mien,
 Whose sovereign rule the toga'd race obey,
 Hight *Proctors*; by their sleeves of ominous sweep,
 Of *Genoa's* looms the fam'd produce, well-known,
 And dreaded; these in order next, and next
 In dignity, a tribe of fages stand,
 Dreadful with *Tippet*, source of dire dismay
 To *Freshmen*, and the whole unbearded race;
 Their office to support and poise the scale
 Of steady justice, from the peaceful shades
 Of Science to repel the barbarous sons
 Of Insolence, and Faction's wild uproar;
 Nor are there wanting, who, with ponderous mace,
 May add to mild reproofs vindictive blows,
 Full often rued by many a heedless wight.

But now array'd in like mysterious stole,
 With flowing band, that faintly ornament,
 Hung waving from my chin, I issue forth

To

To seek the mansion of a learned sage,
 Y'cleped a Tutor, him aloof I ken
 On elbows twain of antient chair reclined,
 With cobwebs hung, by time's sharp tooth defac'd,
 Midst volumes piled on volumes all around
 And dusty manuscripts ; treasures I ween
 Of antient lore : He fullen from his chair
 Reclines not, till with many an aukward bow
 And strain right humble I implore his grace.
 Questions the sage proposes, dark, perplex'd ;
 Of various import — and to sound my skill
 O'er many an author turns, to me well known,
 Virgil or Horace, or the dreaded page
 Of Homer, name accurst — descending hence
 His steps at awful distance I pursue,
 Admiring much my strange unwonted garb,
 And wond'rous head-piece ; till at length we reach
 The mansion of a venerable Seer,

Second

Second alone of all the letter'd race,
 Who opes a mighty volume, graced with rows
 Of various names, in seemly order ranged ;
 'Midst these the humblest of the muse's train
 Enrolls his name : and *Ifis* hails her son.
 Some mystic sounds pronounced, with trembling lips
 The sacred page I kiss, and from his hand
 A book receive, of small regard to fee,
 With godly counsels fraught, and wholsom rules ;
 Which ill betide the wight who dares offend.
 The wonted fees discharged, I haste away
 To join the circle of my old compeers,
 Sever'd by cruel fate — The hearty shake,
 The friendly welcome, go alternate round :
 And that blest day, till eve's remotest hour,
 Is sacred to our joys — Its choicest stores
 The genial larder opes ; exhausted deep,
 Even to its inmost hoards, the buttery groans.

B

But

But now the bottle rolls its ample round,
 Kindling to rapture each congenial soul;
 The burst of merriment, the joyous catch
 Ring round the roofs incessant—much is talk'd
 Of past exploits, and grievous tasks imposed
 By former Tyrants; tyrants now no more.
 Transported with the thought, in frantic joy
 I raise my arm, and midst surrounding shouts,
 Quaff the full bumper; ah full dearly rued!
 Stern fortune, thus ev'n in the cup of bliss
 To mix the dregs of woe—a deadly hue
 Sudden invests my cheeks, my fainting soul
 Is fill'd with horrid loathings and strange pangs,
 Unfelt before; convulsing all my frame:
 Med'cines are vain, or serve but to augment
 My grievous plight, till some experienc'd friend
 Lead me to neighbouring couch, where grateful sleep
 Soon o'er my senses sheds her opiate balm.

Heard

[II]

Heard with less terror, now, the tolling bell
 Summons my foot-steps to that awful dome,
 Whose gaudy windows, all superbly dight
 With various tints, and quaint historic lore,
 Tempt from devotion's page the roving eye—
 Mysterious studies next my thoughts employ;
 Figures and lines, with nicest art to range,
 Oblique or square, and time, and mode, and space,
 Perplex my brains—Now Logic, rugged maid,
 Opens her stores profound, the wavering mind
 To fix aright, and guide the excentric thought:
 Sage doctrines, nathless unrestrained I rove
 At large, and riot in successive rounds
 Of new delight: Now up the silver stream
 To *Medley's* bowers, or *Godflowe's* fam'd retreat,
 Straining each nerve, I urge the dancing skiff;
 Or, rushing headlong down the perilous steep,
 Rouse the sly Reynard from his dark abode:

Or, if inclement vapours load the sky,
 Tennis awhile the heavy hours beguiles;
 Or, at the billiards fatal board, I stake
 With anxious heart, the last sad remnant coin.

Tutors may chide, and angry Sires withhold
 The wonted largess, their united rage
 I wreck not ; * Ticking, gentlest maid, supports
 My sinking fame, and all my woes beguiles.
 O fairer far than all that Greece, or Rome,
 In vaunting strain, of nymph or goddess tell ;
 To thee a thousand temples pierce the skies :
 To thee a thousand altars ever smoke :
 Great queen of *Arts*, without whose cheering ray,
 Science wou'd droop, and Genius must expire.
 Raising one general pray'r, of every rank
 Unnumber'd suppliant throng thy crouded courts.
 To thee, the haughty doctor, rais'd on high

* Hail, Ticking ! guardian of distress—

To Learning's loftiest seats, tho' far renown'd,
 Cringes submissive, thee with all his arts
 The subtle lawyer seeks, nor heeds the voice
 Of bailiff thundering at his neighbour's gates.
 Propitious power, my lyre shall still be strung
 To sing thy praise, my pencil still prepared
 To paint thy charms—and well they may, I ween,
 For thine the pencil is, and thine the lyre.

Whether the grape's rich juice regales my soul,
 Or from the potent bowl I quaff new life,
 Abhorrent still, I loath the nauseous fumes
 Of that detested weed, *Virginia* hight,
 Which the sage *Don*, in spiral clouds exhales,
 Frequent and full, as o'er his drowsy malt
 Gravely he nods—Be mine that milder leaf
 Which Rowley's patriot hand, with studious care,
 From hill, or wood, or flowery vale selects:
 Cheer'd with its genial vapours oft I lounge

Beneath

Beneath the *Matron's* † roofs, or thine, O *Kemp*,
 Mistaken patriot, as, in high debate,
 Of *British* freedom, and of *British* herb,
 We reason much, nor weightier thoughts employ
 My tranquil mind, but how the mantling bowl
 With sweet, with sour, with spirit rightly mix'd,
 May be replenish'd; oft by these inspir'd
 From street to street, beneath the moon's pale beam,
 Heedless I stray, if haply *Proctor's* voice
 Check not my progress—*Siste*—deathful sound,
 “*What * shou'd I do, or whither turn—amaz'd,*
Confounded,” down some narrow lane I scower
 Of famed *St. Thomas*, virtue's chaste retreat:
 But vain my flight, for ruffian's cruel palms
 Arrest my steps, and to the offended power
 Force me reluctant—he aloud exclaims

† *Matron of Matrons, Martha Baggs.*

OXFORD SAUSAGE.

* The Splendid Shilling.

Of broken faith, and violated laws,
 Full many a tale he adds, of sage import,
 And then with mandate stern, to college dooms
 Me, hapless wight, with dreadful fines amers'd,
 Till one long moon revolves her tedious round :
 Some godly author, Tillotson perchance,
 Or moral bard to conn, with heart full sad.
 There long I sigh unfriended, and alone,
 Unless some *dun* ascend my lofty dome,
 At first with gentle foot, and suppliant voice,
 But oft denied, and bolder grown, he adds
 Vindictive menace, and before my eyes
 Displays the horrors of that antient fort*,
 Drear mansion, where the fullen debtor pines,
 'Midst circling gloom, and hunger's cruel rage :

* The castle of Oxford, erected by Robert D'Oilie, A. D. 1071,
 now converted into the county goal.—The story is well known of a
 descendant of this founder, who being confined here for debt, and
 asked how he came into that place, replied, "by right of inheritance."

While

While restless fancy to my sight presents
 That dreaded volume, whose recording page
 Brands, with eternal infamy, the wretch,
 Incorrigible deem'd, whom dire misdeeds
 Of darker stain disgrace: me *Phæbus* flies
 And all the tuneful nine, tho' oft I try
 With feeble nerve to string my useless lyre —
 The time elaps'd, with throbbing heart I seek
 The dreaded seer, and to his hand present
 The letter'd page: with brow austere he reads
 And bids me, from experience wise, beware
 To rouse, a second time, his sleeping ire —

Thrice happy sons of *Cam*, whom *Proctor's* rage
 Rarely molests, whether your snorting steeds
 Snuff from afar *Newmarket's* well known breeze;
 Or furious pant to gain the verdant heights

* Vulgo dictum, the *Black Book*, in which, if any member of the university has the misfortune to have his name enrolled, he is totally excluded from attaining any privilege, or taking his degree.

Of

Of † *Gog-magog*—O skill'd with dexterous hand
 To smack the thong, and guide the aerial car;
 By † *Trompington's* or † *Barnwell's* blooming dames,
 Kenn'd with amaze: How does each Isis beau
 Envy your lot—Slaves to no servile laws,
 That pinion down their fancy, you disport
 In gaudy filks, and various tinctured vests,
 Best snares for female hearts; our humbler garbs
 Subfusc, or sable, scarcely tempt the glance
 Of wishful nymph, tho' many a nymph we boast,
 As blithe, as blooming, and as bright as your's—

Why shou'd the muse of direr evils sing,
 When *Rustication*, in her harpy fangs,
 Hurries the wretch, from joy and Isis far,
 In sylvan solitudes to waste his youth,
 'Midst chiding aunts, and antiquated maids:
 Or why, that last sad fate the wretched prove,

† Places well known at *Cambridge*.

Exiled for ever from her sacred haunts,
 To roam, like Adam, thro' the desert earth,
 " * With all the world before them, where to choose
 " Their place of rest," yet after all find none,
 Spurning each youthful folly, wiser
 Ascend, with graduate splendor, to the heights
 Of classic dignity; in time perchance
 May wield the fasces of *proctorial* power,
 And be myself, that *Don*, so lately † *spear'd*.

* Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

† A term of contempt peculiar to this feat of learning.

THE END.

Or why, that last sad day, when
 Midst chiding annals, and registered
 In sylvan solitudes, and
 When Rapture, in her happy range,
 Hurries the wretch, from joy and life far,
 Why should the muse of dire evils sing?



These *This Day are published,*
P R O P O S A L S
FOR PRINTING BY SUBSCRIPTION,
A
FREE TRANSLATION OF THE
OE D I P U S T Y R A N N U S
O F
S O P H O C L E S ;
WITH OTHER
POEMS, and MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

By T. MAURICE, of University College, Oxford.

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SPECIMEN OF THE LETTER.

Extract from the first Chorus, which describes the Plague of Thebes.

STROPHE II.

The pride of Thebes is levell'd with the ground,
The fruits of earth lie blasted on the plain,
Her palaces with shrieks of death resound,
And her streets groan beneath the heaps of slain.
So wide hath spread the monster's fiery rage!
Beauty's flush'd cheek with fatal crimson burns,
From her wild eye pernicious lightning glares:
Ev'n virtue's hallow'd plaint the tyrant spurns,
The screaming infant from the bosom tears,
And strikes to earth the hoary scalp of age.

ANTISTROPHE II.

The mother, with convulsive tortures torn,
Faints 'midst her pains, and languishes in death,
Her hapless infant, curst as soon as born,
Imbibes pollution with his vital breath.
But hark! in louder bursts the pæans break;
The shores with wilder acclamations ring!
Mad with the fever'd pangs that fire their veins,
Increasing throngs around our altars cling,
And as they pour to heav'n their frantic strains,
By myriads rush to Lethe's gloomy lake.

